



# A Love Story Between Two Male Classmates (CH1) (The First Speech Meet)



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## Chapter 1 by SAMUEL FELIX

Jonah was going to his first speech meet. He walked onto the bus, suddenly someone stole a glance at him. Jonah felt his chest was about to explode. The person who stole that glance was the one and only Cade. Jonah dreamed of this meeting every since he transferred to Louisville. Jonah stood awkwardly still in the aisle until Cade asked him if he was okay. Jonah replied "Yes", but what he really wanted was to confess his deep feelings to Cade. Jonah slowly walked towards the seat behind Cade. Jonah sat down and took a deep inhale of Cades minty breath.

Chapter 2 by ChemicallyInsane



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"I'M fine." Too late Cade was sitting next to him. "You don't look so good." Jonah looked up, his cheeks red from embarrassment. "I am fine. Please leave. I am claustrophobic." He raises his eyebrows. "Okay. I will be a seat ahead if needed."

### Chapter 3 by ChemicallyInsane



They get to the speech meet quicker than expected people load off and Jonah was the last to go. At least he thought he was, Cade was sitting in the very back, waiting for him.

"What do you want?" Jonah asks trying to seem cold. Cade meets eyes with him and Jonah stumbles. Cade gets up and raps an arm around Jonahs waist. "That is no way to talk to a person with good intentions."

Cade did that on purpose, Cade wanted touch Jonah the way he is now. Does this mean Cade is gay?

### Chapter 4 by Jade4Life



The two were suddenly interrupted when their classmate Samuel reentered the bus and said that the extemp draw would be coming up in a few minutes. Cade begrudgingly said "I guess this will have to wait for later" and the three of them exited the bus quickly. As Jonah made his way down the sidewalk towards the school he couldn't help but shake in his dress shoes. He thought "Cade really does care about me. Even minutes after the encounter Jonah could still feel the warmth of where Cade's arm had been. As they crossed through the doors of the building, the only thought on Jonah's mind was the fact that he was going to kill Samuel for his interruption.

### Chapter 5 by Ethan Tan



"Sammy." Jonah acknowledged coldly. He wanted badly to punch him in the temple. He hadn't seen Samuel in a week, yet his absence wasn't missed. Sam wasn't the type you would miss. Short. Ugly. He wasn't by any means fat. In fact he had a spectacular body. You could see his chiselled structure from under his shirt. Cade was fit, but Jonah had never seen anybody with the body Sam had

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at math, but he was great at pretending he was top of everything. His personality would still be a major turn off, but if he was nice to look at, he would be slightly less intolerable.

"No." Cade retracted his hand quickly, as soon as he realised it was still steadily holding Jonah's waist. "I was helping him up."

Samuel smirked, look as if he were walking in on an expected affair and he was about to video tape it. The desire to knock him out was still there, although it was always present.

The bus came to a stop, leaving the three silent and staring at one another awkwardly.

"I'm sure what ever you two were doing, can't have been too inappropriate." Sam ran his eyes along everybody on the bus. "I mean, you are in a social situation."

Jonah looked at Cade with reassuring eyes, like he was explaining how he wasn't anything like his crazy mother to the friends who met her.

They got off the bus together, although Jonah prayed internally that Sam would just leave them. It had been less than five minutes and he was sick of him already. What ever was about to happen with Cade, would never likely happen again, and it would be Sam's fault. Jonah cursed the silent forces that placed them in the same class for eight years in a row.

"Well it was nice running into you." Jonah lied. "But I better get going, I have a speech to get to."

Jonah turned in the direction of the assembly hall, when he felt a rough pull. He snatched his hand back aggressively, assuming it was Sam, but turned to see Cade startled by his hostility.

"Oh sorry, I thought you were Sam." He chuckled awkwardly.

"I heard that!" Samuel called from a metre back.

"Nah its all good." Cade ignored him, grabbing back onto Jonah's hand. He was getting touchy again. Jonah wondered if he really was gay. It wasn't like Cade wore a pride shirt or acted super feminine, but there was still a chance. Either that, or he was just really friendly.

Jonah looked at his watch, he needed to be at the assembly hall, ready to make his speech in five minutes. He looked back up at Cade's shimmering eyes, which made the five minutes, and the speech temporarily insignificant.

"I'm going to the premier of Night Owl's Revenge 4 tomorrow afternoon, would you like to join me?" Cade asked.

Cade had asked to hang out many times with Jonah, but somehow, this felt official like a date.

"Yeah," Jonah squinted his eyes, looking at Cade's hand on his back, which he had just noticed. "That sounds good."

"Six thirty?" Cade confirmed.

"Yeah," Jonah pulled his arm away from Cade's hand. "I need to get to that speech now."

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He sprinted into the Assembly Hall, celebrating silently. He had never been asked out- he just assumed it was an official date- and Cade was actually attractive enough to make him excited for their date, and potential future. Not that looks matter that much to Jonah, but he wouldn't date an unattractive person. There was no visualisation like there was with attractive people like Cade.

Cade wasn't classically good looking. He was cute, but you would never see his type on magazines. He was asian. Which was a huge factor in why he wouldn't be considered 'Classically good looking'. It was sad really, that asian guys weren't considered desirable unless they are half white, like being white was so great. Jonah hadn't met many good looking asian guys, but he hadn't met any white guys as attractive as Cade. He was the skater type, which was definitely a bonus. He dressed like he was a street fighter, with layers of hoodies, jean-vests and scarfs. Jonah had no doubt that he wouldn't be able to dress like that consistently everyday. The 'broke' look was really expensive.

## Chapter 6 by ChemicallyInsane



Jonah ran around the corner and rammed into somebody. He lay there on the ground thoroughly surprised at the solidness of the other person. The other -now he had realized- guy, had already stood up, looking madder than a wasp in a old tin can. He was about like 6 feet tall with blond wildly spiked hair, tan skin (the kind you can only get when spending a crap load of time in the sun), and gray eyes. Like a hurricane gray, Damn were his eyes unnerving.

"Good Lordy above! Get up Boy!" Jonah scrambled up and he soon realized he was much more tall than on the ground. 6'5 at the least. Jonah scanned his body, all muscle, he was wearing a t-shirt that read: Made in the south.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't watching." Jonah stuttered out, thoroughly wowed by this mountain of a person. The guy waves his hand, as if running into blushing emo kids was an everyday thing that happened to him.

"Im Dawson. By the way. Where you from?" He shifted his stance as Jonah dwelled on his name.

"Earth to kid!" Dawson told him as he shook his head and waved his hand across

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"S-Sorry, I-I'm from Sacramento, California, I just moved here. Jonah Jackson. Yep, that's my name. I think..." Dawson laughed, a interesting half hearted lazy chuckle.

"Well nice to meet you, Jonah." He smiled, at him a knee weakening trillion dollar smile.

"Where are you from?" Jonah asked, he hadn't been able to place his soul melting accent yet.

"Oh, that." He raked a hand through his hair and laughed again, almost nervously.

"I'm from Broken Bow, Oklahoma. Well, I'm from a lot of places, but mostly back woods. I'm a military brat." He smiled.

"So, what school do you go to?" Jonah asked putting his hands in back of him rolling on his heels.

"University of Louisville." He says and Jonah's heart kind of sunk. He had hoped that he was a high schooler.

"And you, Mr.Jackson?" Jonah didn't answer, someone came up behind him.

"Jonah." Jonah turned around to see Cade, in his street fighter clothes and haircut that covered one chocolate brown eye. Mentally, Jonah was comparing the two, and for some reason, he ran straight to Dawson.

## Chapter 8 by ChemicallyInsane



Dawson looked over, Jonah and down at Cade. There wasn't a smile this time. "Hello and your name is?" Cade pulled me away from Dawson by the waist. "Cade. Jonah was this guy bothering you?" He shakes his head, making a series of gurgling noises. Dawson smirks. "I think your boyfriend more of the fragile type. Your hurting him. Calm down Boy-zilla." Dawson took him away from Cade and simply held his hand, a firm grip. One that was determined. Cade got red.

"Seriously Jonah. Choose. Don't play coy either."Dawson takes his hand away from Jonah's and kisses it, then sets it back down. "I will have to go. Being the football captin of the team requires

being there." He turns around.

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"Come watch the practice the both of you right?" He both nod but "Right." He then ran off, his hair flapping in the wind.

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